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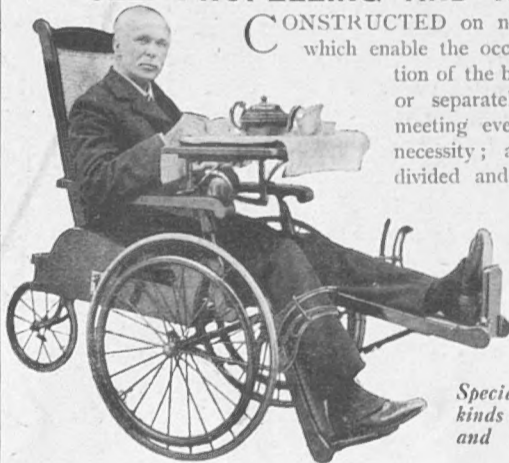
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The Sketch

No. 1150.—Vol. LXXXIX.

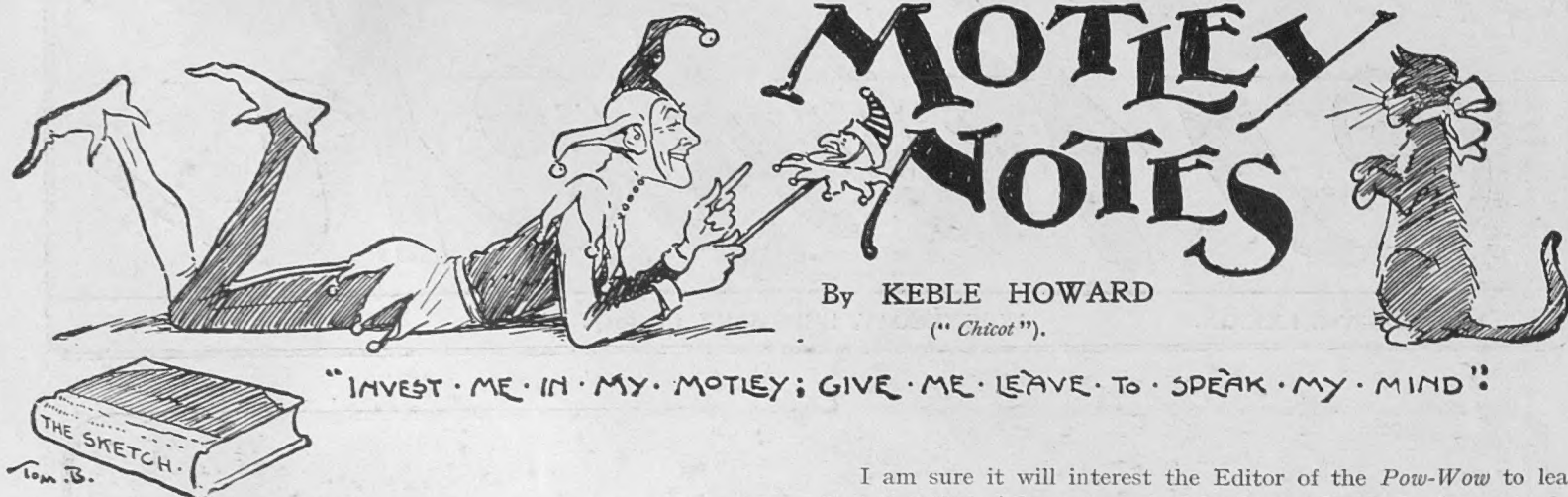
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



IN THE "PETTY LARCENY" CAR: MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS LORD CHARLES TEMPERLEIGH AND MISS COMPTON AS MRS. COSMO GARRINGTON IN "A BUSY DAY," THE CARTON FARCE AT THE APOLLO.

The penniless Lord Charles and the equally impecunious Mrs. Garrington borrow a car, which has broken down at the former's gate, and proceed in it to Mudborough, where they masquerade as chandlers in the hope of drawing into the till money sufficient to pay their railway fares to London.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



Louis Meyer. If ever a man worked himself to death, that man was Louis Meyer. We are all the slaves of our own temperaments, and Louis Meyer's temperament compelled him to live at the highest possible pitch. He was warned, years ago, that his heart was weak, and that his only chance of attaining old age was to live very quietly in the country. But his temperament would not allow him to do that. One telephone would not have satisfied him. He had to be at the end of five or six telephones, to say nothing of an occasional speaking-tube. I quite understand that temperament. It must be taken in hand and dealt with very firmly if you wish to subdue it. For a man of active brain, accustomed to the life of London, to retire to the country and concentrate on any particular task requires tremendous self-control.

Louis Meyer was a little lump of human quick-silver. To keep an appointment with him meant a triumph of pertinacity. Nobody attempted it when they had come to know him at all well. "Meet me at the Garrick Theatre," he would say, "at three o'clock sharp." At three o'clock sharp the novice duly arrived at the Garrick Theatre. "I have an appointment with Mr. Meyer at three o'clock." "Oh, yes. Mr. Meyer was compelled to go down to *London Opinion* Offices. He would be greatly obliged if you would see him there instead of here." Off went the novice to the Offices of *London Opinion*. "Is Mr. Meyer here? I have an appointment with him." "No, he's not here. He's been here, but he had to go on to the Strand Theatre. You'll catch him there, I expect." Off dashed the novice to the Strand Theatre. "Is Mr. Meyer here? I have an important appointment with him." "He's been here, but he had to run over to the Garrick. . . . Just a minute. Here he is on the 'phone. . . . Mr. Meyer is at the Garrick Theatre, but he's coming back to the Strand almost immediately. He says if you will kindly pick him up at the Garrick, you can talk as you come back here." Off went the novice to the Garrick again, and then he might catch his man or he might not. More experienced people made the appointment for three, kept it at four, and then waited.

A Remarkable Manager. Louis Meyer, who was kindness and courtesy itself when you finally succeeded in catching him, had many remarkable qualities. He was extraordinarily frank about his affairs. To spend an hour in his company was a fine education in that side of theatrical London least known to the public—the business side. He was also a very fair judge of acting. His spontaneous imitations of people who had been engaged for certain parts, and failed in them, were delightful. He was one of the very few London managers, moreover, who would take the trouble to travel a mile or two to see a new play or a new actor or actress.

Theatrical London will be duller and more sluggish for his loss.

A Classic. The University and Public Schools Battalion, it seems, has a publication of its own entitled the *Pow-Wow*. A gossip in one of the daily papers has discovered a paragraph in the *Pow-Wow* which has caused him great delight.

"Recently, it seems, a certain major appeared on a horse which—to put it kindly—had seen better days. 'He's got an old 'bus-horse,' was the comment of one critical private. The description evidently spread, for the following lines appear in the last number of the *Pow-Wow*, under the heading, 'Rumour Hath It': 'That a major is greatly inconvenienced by the necessity of ringing a bell whenever he wants his charger to start!'"

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

I am sure it will interest the Editor of the *Pow-Wow* to learn that that little joke was cracked in these columns in the year 1899. The Editor of the *Pow-Wow* was probably very small indeed at that date—much too small to remember that a large quantity of 'bus-horses really were commandeered for use in South Africa. It was inevitable to suggest that every man riding one of these treasures had a small bell attached to his saddle, and that the order to charge was followed by a sort of carillon of 'bus-bells.

Evidently, that little joke will live as long as the 'bus-horse survives and megalomaniacs thrust peaceful business-men into helmets and uniforms.

TRIOLET.

(On the Darkening of Surrey.)

Dark is every house to-day
In the realm of Surrey;
Though within the rooms are gay,
Dark is every house to-day:
Father cannot find his way
If he's in a hurry.
Dark is every house to-day
In the realm of Surrey.

A Warning to Sentries.

I had a narrow escape from being shot a few nights ago. Some friends had been dining at my house—in a quiet, war-like way—and I set out, a little after midnight, to drive them home. We were bowling along at a modest pace, when suddenly, out of the darkness, came the order to halt. Bearing Plymouth in mind, I immediately de-clutched and jammed on the foot-brake. But before I had even time to complete this automatic operation, there issued a second and a very angry command to halt. I jarred to a standstill to find the muzzles of two rifles very close to my face.

"Why didn't you halt when you were first told?" came the demand.

"I did," I said meekly.

"No, you didn't. You went on. We had to run after you."

This made me cross, for I had felt my beautiful new set of tyres ripping their hearts out on the gravelly road.

"Look here," I retorted. "If you think a car can pull up as quickly as a perambulator, you're mistaken. Before you challenge people twice in three seconds, and then run after them with loaded rifles, you'd better have a few lessons in driving. To a car travelling, say, twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, which is not at all fast at night, you ought to allow at least twenty yards before you challenge the second time. I tell you this because I am a fellow-countryman and sympathise with you in your difficulties."

They seemed a little crushed. I hope they were.

TRIOLET.

(Addressed to a Fierce Sentry.)

Tell me to and I will halt,
Man with loaded rifle:
You are of the earth the salt:
Tell me to and I will halt!
Really, it is not my fault
If I seem to trifle.
Tell me to and I will halt,
Man with loaded rifle.

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DRAWN BY MAB TREEBY.

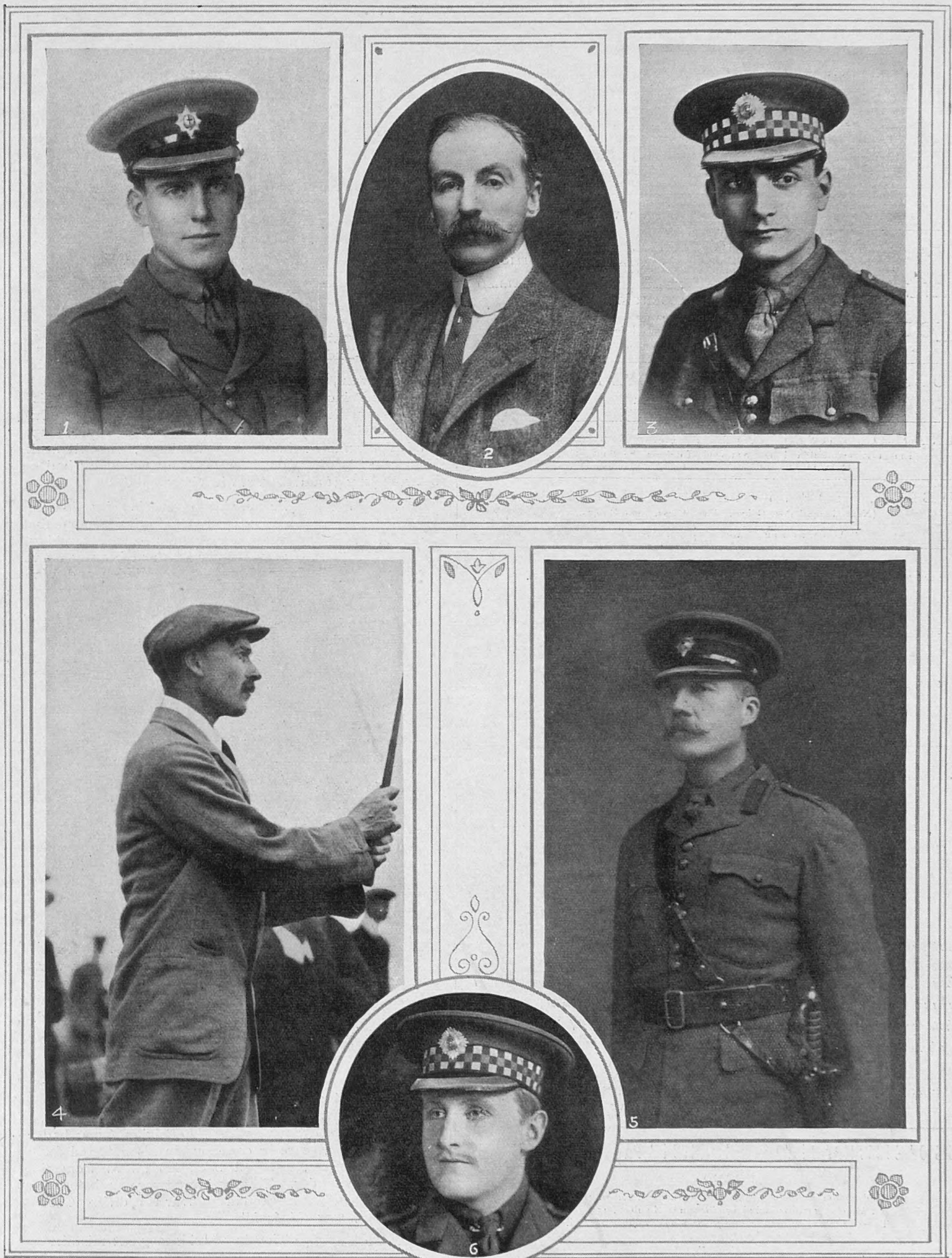
HARE-HUNTING AS A CHANGE FROM HERR-SHOOTING!



SPORT BEHIND THE TRENCHES: BEAGLES WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS.

When they are not busy directing Herr-shooting, certain of our British officers find a few odd hours to spend in hare-hunting; hence the fact that a pack of beagles was sent over to the front not long ago.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]

REPORTED "MISSING": WELL-KNOWN "CASUALTIES."



1. SECOND-LIEUTENANT G. C. ARMSTRONG, SON OF SIR GEORGE ARMSTRONG, THE WELL-KNOWN NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.
2. MAJOR A. C. MORRISON-BELL, M.P. FOR THE HONITON DIVISION OF DEVONSHIRE.
3. SECOND-LIEUTENANT G. E. V. CRUTCHLEY, THE BRILLIANT CRICKETER.

Second-Lieutenant George Carlyon Armstrong is the only son of Sir George Elliot Armstrong, 2nd Baronet, son of a former proprietor of the "Globe," and is a promising young officer in the Coldstream Guards.—Major Arthur Clive Morrison-Bell, of the Scots Guards, is Member (Conservative) for Honiton, and has served in Canada and South Africa. He is devoted to hunting, shooting, and mountaineering.—Second-Lieutenant G. E. V. Crutchley, of the Scots Guards, is a famous batsman who was in the Oxford

4. CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON, THE INTERNATIONAL GOLFER.
5. CAPTAIN THE HON. JOHN CAMPBELL, ELDEST SON OF BARON STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL.
6. LIEUT. G. V. F. MONCKTON, SON OF MR. FRASER MONCKTON, OF STRETTON HALL, STAFFORD, AND GRANDSON OF THE LATE GEN. HENRY MONCKTON.

University team at Lord's in 1912, when he played a 99 not-out innings.—Captain Cecil Key Hutchison, of the Royal Scots, is well known as an International golfer, and in 1909 he only lost the Amateur Championship, at Muirfield, to Robert Maxwell at the thirty-sixth hole.—Captain the Hon. John Campbell is the eldest son of the third Baron Stratheden and Campbell, and is in the Coldstream Guards.—Lieutenant G. V. F. Monckton is the son of Mr. Fraser Monckton, of Stretton Hall.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

FOR BUSY PEOPLE: A CONCISE WAR CHRONICLE.*

From Serajevo to Namur.

No one can afford not to afford a shilling for this first volume of war history which Mr. John Buchan has written for Nelson. Those of us—and how many of us that means—who forget the date of a battle, who mislay a most important cutting from the newspaper, who sigh after the map therefrom that illustrated the situation so well, but went to light the morning fire, may now just seize this handy little book and find the facts up to the fall of Namur between our fingers.

The First Bomb.

The first bomb, as Mr. Buchan indicates, fell on a June Sunday in Serajevo. He evokes the little Bosnian town, astir early in the morning with the excitement of a royal visit. During the slow motor drive to the Parade—for motoring is a leisurely business in Serajevo—the attempt was made, as a black package fell on the open hood of the Archduke's car; on its return journey a second bomb failed to explode, but its thrower ran forward and fired his pistol three times. Those pistol-shots rang through Europe, a challenge to arms for the nations; "the victims passed in stately funerals to their tombs," and a week or two later Austria was presenting the ultimatum to Serbia which "startled every Chancellery in Europe except the Wilhelmstrasse."

The Great Week-End.

"Till that moment the Serajevo tragedy seemed destined to be only a nine-days' wonder. The Kaiser was cruising in Norwegian waters, British squadrons were at Kiel on a friendly visit, President Poincaré was on a holiday in the North, Paris was chiefly concerned with the trial of Mme. Caillaux, Britain had her own Ulster crisis to fill her hands." And this preoccupied Europe suddenly tumbled into that wonderful, fateful week-end, that Friday to Tuesday "such as no one then living had ever spent," between July 31 and Aug. 4, when England declared war on Germany.

The Most Professional Troops.

From this dramatic situation Mr. Buchan passes to the strength of the combatants. The Teuton regiments come marching down his pages—some of them bearing on their colours the names of Blenheim, Ramillies, of Minden and Waterloo—now massed for the dash into Belgium. Little Belgium, concentrating her troops and her hopes round the forts of Liège, and beginning on that destruction of bridges, roads, and tunnels in the Ardennes which Mr. Buchan declares cannot have cost her less than £40,000,000 sterling. France, eager and grave as she buckled on her armour; Russia alight with the enthusiasm of a Holy War; and that Expeditionary Force—"a mere spear-head to the shaft which was the war-power of Britain," but made up of the most professional troops in the world. "The training of our Regulars, both in duration and thoroughness, was far beyond anything known in the short-service German Army."

Morale of the Troops.

As to confidence in the goodness of their cause, Mr. Buchan finds little to choose between the combatants. Russia believing herself engaged in a Holy War; France fighting for her life; Britain for public honour and free ideals; Austria with a long grievance to avenge, and a racial terror to combat; even Germany—"Let us also admit that something more than self-preservation and material aggrandisement entered into the German ideal. There was the exhilaration of one strong people *contra mundum*, and the belief that German 'culture' was fighting for its life. To the Prussian militarist, *Kultur* may have been merely a convenient euphemism for blood and iron; but to the ordinary German it meant a world of homely and honourable things which seemed in deadly jeopardy from the Slav barbarian." Even the professors, Mr. Buchan thinks, may be credited with a sincere belief that something noble and worthy was in danger. For each and all, however, "it was a struggle of life and death."

Liège.

Turning the leaves—and it becomes difficult to turn over any detail of this wonderful war without lingering—the reader will find an illuminating statement of the German advance into Belgium and the fall of Liège. It becomes just possible to estimate what the Belgian Army had faced before General Leman, scarcely conscious in his battered fort and pinned beneath its ruins, received back his sword from the victorious German Commander. They had met two years before at manoeuvres. "I thank you," he answered. "War is a different sort of job from manoeuvres, *mon Général*."

The Masterpiece of Fortresses.

The first and one great mistake of the Allies. Mr. Buchan thinks, was the belief in Namur. Had the German advance been stayed earlier, before Aug. 15, all might have been well. The line Antwerp-Namur was a strong one, and, perhaps, invulnerable. But a prostrate Namur—and that wonderful old fort between the rivers, Brialmont's masterpiece, followed Liège before the German guns—nearly brought a million men to disaster. Those who wish to renew their memories cannot do better than pick up the threads in Mr. Buchan's narrative.

* "Nelson's History of the War." By John Buchan. Vol. I. (Nelson: 18.)



"OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!": CRICKET, POLO, AND "THE GREATER GAME."

"The Lincolnshire Poacher." Mr. Rudyard Kipling, at the Mansion House meeting to obtain bands for the regiments in the New Armies, told a story of an Indian cholera camp of the Lincolnshire Regiment, when, at a sing-song, the band cheered up the men by playing the regimental march, "The Lincolnshire Poacher." Very certainly the regimental marches have their share, and a very large share, in building up the *esprit de corps* of a regiment, and some of these marches have done their part in British victories. There is, for instance, the tale of the Colonel of that regiment whose quick step is the French Republican air, "Ça Ira," telling the band to strike up the air and shouting to his men, "We'll beat the French to their own d—d tune."

The Regimental March. If anyone doubts the influence of the regimental march on regiments, they have only to watch a march-past at Aldershot or some other great military station. A regiment always approaches the saluting-base to the music of the regimental march of the battalion that precedes it, and the men come on to that tune without any life in their step. As they near the saluting-flag the massed bands, with three beats on the big drum, take up their quick-step, and in a moment the demeanour of the regiment changes; life and swing come to them with the well-remembered air, and the regiment goes past with all the joy of life in its serried ranks.

British Marches. No army in the world has finer marching music than the British Army, for such tunes as "The British Grenadiers," "I'm Ninety-Five," "Garry-owen," are splendid quick-steps, while "The Men of Harlech" is certainly as fine a slow march as can be found in the world. Curiously enough, when great composers try to write a popular march they generally fail. The outstanding exception to this is Gounod's march in "Faust." Berlioz, when faced with the difficulty of composing such a march in his "Damnation de Faust," took the Hungarian Rákóczy March—a march of the people. Handel, at a British King's request, composed a quick-step for one British regiment, and though that regiment is naturally proud of this distinction and could not go past so well to any other air, it is not one of the great marching-tunes of the British service.

Bands at the War. It may be said that the new regiments will have to leave behind them in England their band instruments almost as soon as they receive them; but that, I fancy, is a difficulty that has now been surmounted. The earlier Divisions who went out to the war left their band instruments, as they left their mess plate, stored somewhere in England; but one of the later Divisions to go out, at the express wish of the Major-General commanding, was allowed to take

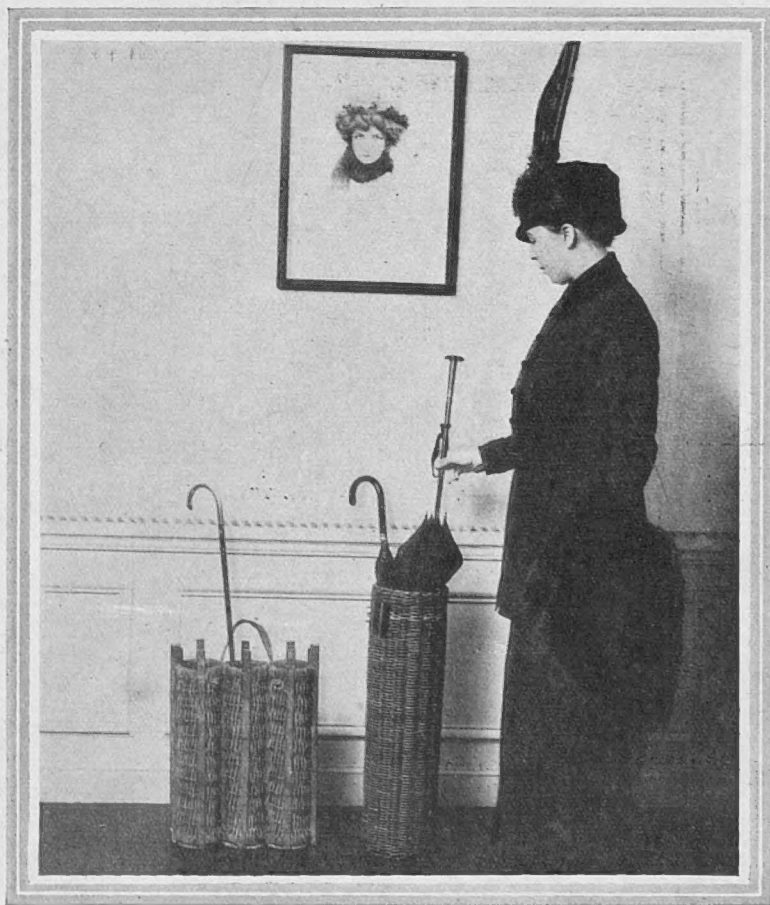
the instruments of the bands along with it, and I should not be at all surprised if the regiments in France and Flanders who have now no marching music sent home for their band instruments. The Germans, as we know, encourage their men before they advance to the attack by playing patriotic airs. Our men want no encouragement when the order is given to advance, but I am sure that the sound of their regimental march on their way to the trenches would be much relished by the men, and that the band would add greatly to the enjoyment of the sing-songs which are held in the big barns far behind the firing-line when a regiment is in reserve.

Only Scratch Cricket in War Time.

Lord Hawke has told us that there is not likely to be any County Championship matches in cricket this year, for though some of the veteran cricketers who are too old for military service may appear on the cricket-grounds, most of the county cricketers are playing the greater game over in France and Flanders.

Very Little Polo, Too.

Polo is another game which will be practically extinct during the coming summer, except for scratch games, for it is essentially a cavalryman's game and a young man's game, and though we have plenty of mounted men left in England forming part of the Home Army of Defence, they are scattered about the land at various strategic points, and they are so busy with their military duties that they are not likely to ask for leave to spend afternoons at Hurlingham or Ranelagh playing polo. Part of the grounds at Ranelagh is a camp for mounted men, and no doubt they will take advantage of the polo-grounds there; but first-class polo is, I fancy, as dead as a nail until the war is over.



TO WHAT BASE USE: WICKER CARRYING-CASES FOR GERMAN SHELLS AS UMBRELLA-STANDS, IN FRANCE.

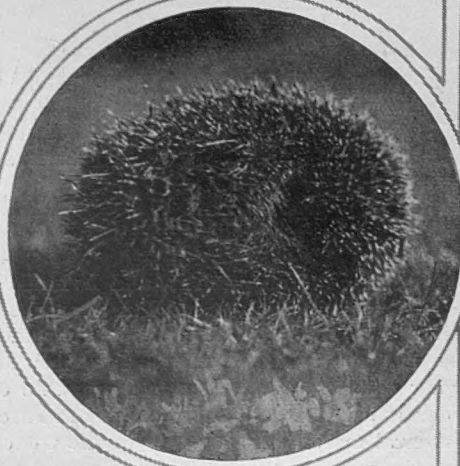
So many of the wicker cases in which the Germans carry their shells are now available in France that they are being used as umbrella-stands, and for other purposes. Thus, things brought from the Front are put to use, as it were, at the Base!

Photograph by Wyndham.

The Sport that Survives.

Golf keeps on as one of the British sports in spite of the war. Nothing makes a keen golfer so angry as to allude to golf as an old man's game, but it is a game that elderly men can play, and often play better than the younger men. Many of the golf courses in Great Britain are camping-grounds, but a sufficient number remain as links for the players who are left in England. The more picturesque and sporting a golf course is the less it lends itself to be a camping-ground. The war is not only being fought by the young men in Flanders, but by the elderly men in offices in Whitehall, and many a tired General gets his only recreation of the week in a turn round some golf links, which takes his mind, for a time, away from his daily work. And thus golf is, to a certain extent, helpful and not harmful during the war. The golf clubs, almost without exception, refuse to employ any caddy of military age, and it cannot be said that golf keeps out of the ranks any young man who should be in them.

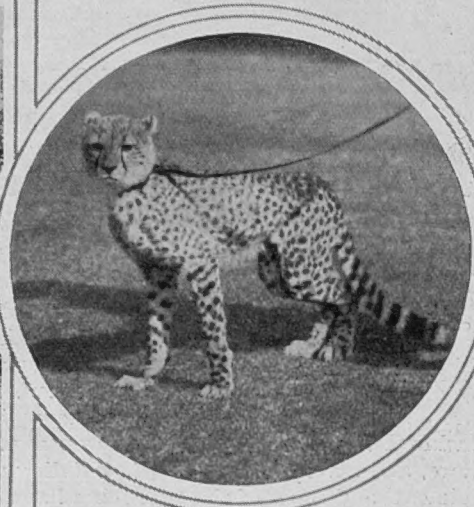
ZEBRA VERSUS KHAKI: NATURE AND "INVISIBLE" UNIFORMS.



HARD TO DETECT IN HIS WHITE, GREY, AND BLACK: THE ELUSIVE HEDGEHOG.



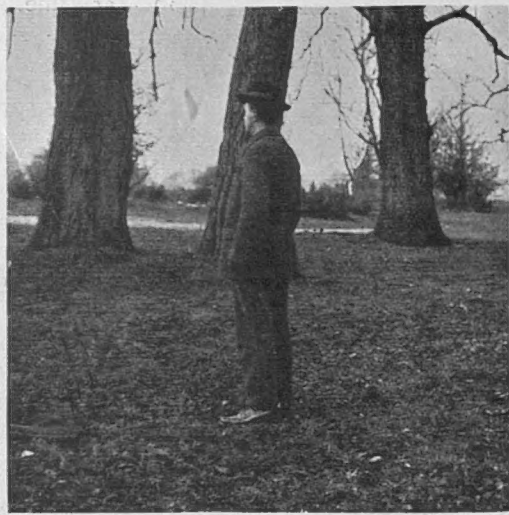
KHAKI COMPARED WITH PRUSSIAN-BLUE TROUSERS AND DARK COAT.



EFFECTS OF BACKGROUND: THE SOMETIMES "INVISIBLE" CHEETAH CONSPICUOUS.



BROKEN SURFACE EFFECTS: A VARIEGATED BREAST-COVER, PARTLY YELLOW.



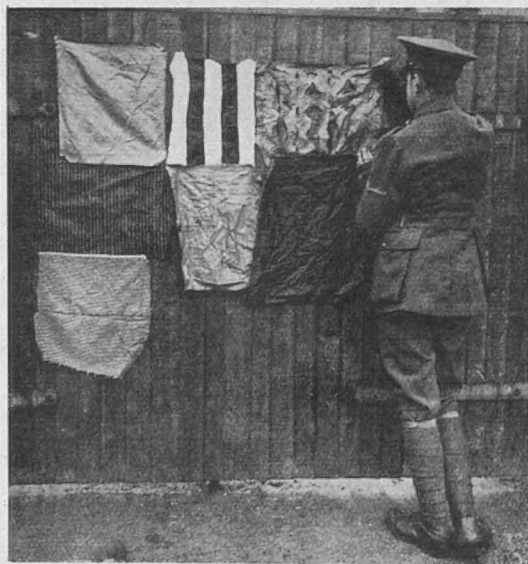
AN INCONSPICUOUS COLOUR-SCHEME: BROWN HAT AND COAT, PRUSSIAN-BLUE TROUSERS.



KHAKI BROKEN UP BY A MULTI-COLOURED BAND OF DULL GREEN AND ORANGE.



THE CONSPICUOUSNESS OF YELLOW: A CAP OF THAT COLOUR WITH KHAKI.



PROTECTIVE COLOURATION FOR UNIFORMS: VARIOUS COLOURS USED FOR TESTS.



THE ZEBRA-TOUCH IN UNIFORM: A CAP WITH BLACK-AND-WHITE STRIPES.

It has been suggested that khaki is not the most invisible colour for soldiers' uniforms, as its lights and shades are very pronounced. The Superintendent of the "Zoo," Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.R.S., an authority on protective colouration in animals, has pointed out the value of breaking up an outline, and considers that a variegated surface is best. The zebra, for example, is "invisible" when standing under foliage. It is the lights and shadows, Mr. Pocock says, which make an object conspicuous, and Nature, in giving an animal protective colouring, paints them out. He therefore suggests a light-coloured band under the peak of a soldier's cap, and black-and-white

stripes across the top. Our photographs illustrate some recent tests. A dark overcoat and trousers of Prussian-blue were found less conspicuous than khaki, which has much yellow—a very visible hue. Photograph No. 8 shows patterns of various colours used in the tests. They are (reading from the top downward) on the left—blue; thin black-and-white stripes; small black-and-white check; in the middle—broad black-and-white stripes; plain yellow; on the right—a mixture of blue, yellow, and red; plain black. The gradations of comparative invisibility are obvious.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

WATCHING "THE THINGS THAT MATTER."



ON SIR DAVID BEATTY'S STAFF AND ONE OF THE FOUR MEN NOT BEHIND ARMOUR ON THE "LION"
DURING THE NORTH SEA BATTLE: MR. FILSON YOUNG, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

Mr. Filson Young is serving as an officer on Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty's staff, and was one of the four men on the "Lion" who were not behind armour during the recent North Sea battle, which he saw from the foretop. Mr. Filson Young, whose full name is Alexander Bell Filson Young, is, it need scarcely be pointed out, the well-known author. He is famed especially as the originator and author of "The Things That Matter," in the "Pall Mall Gazette"; for his "The Sands of Pleasure," "The Happy Motorist," "The Joy of the Road," "Memory Harbour," "Letters from Solitude," and

"With the Fleet." He has been special war-correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" (in the South African War); Assistant-Editor of "The Pilot," literary editor of the "Daily Mail," and Editor of the "Outlook." He was born at Ballyeaston, Ireland, in 1876, son of the Rev. William Young. On leaving school, he studied music at the Royal College of Music, and under Dr. Kendrick Pyne; and he was Proxime Accessit in the scholarship for composition at the Royal College of Music, London, in 1896.—[Photograph by W. and D. Downey.]



THREE DAYS—AN IMPERSONAL STUDY OF TOPICAL PSYCHOLOGY. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynelle and London" and "Phrynelle Married."

THERE is in the English language a book—a classical work, I believe—called "Three Weeks." It pertains, I have been told, of the novel and of the tragedy. Did I possess any pathetic power, I'd write a tearful tome in three parts called "Three Days." My women readers have already guessed what it would be about—yes, *chères amies*, *his* three days' leave from the front. One to be ready, one to be unsteady, one to g-g-go! Oh, the three days that are sweet in the spending—and so unsatisfying!

The first day, not so perfect as the second—itsself so inferior to the third. The first day of vague mental hesitations and silly shadowy fears, the reconnoitring of friendship through the mist of several months' strangeness and distance, the gradual warming up of a benumbed comradeship, the slow opening of the gates of love—one is afraid, one is not quite sure, one pauses and questions silently, with one's hand upon one's heart.

"Is it thou, friend? Unchanged? Quite thy same dear self?"

One is shy of this awful joy; so full and short: one distrusts happiness so keen and rapid. So ends the first day, a prelude tremulous and promising as the first song of the thrush in the spring.

The second day, bliss, bliss arrogant and taken for granted—is there not to-morrow? It is a sort of renaissance of the soul. Its satisfaction is round and complacent, slightly bourgeoise, and inclined to look at the first day, exquisite in its uncertainties, as a day wasted. On the first evening one has dined with friends, a few, just to protect oneself against too sweeping a wave of emotion—it was a sort of official consecration of a guarded happiness. One talked much—words hide one's thoughts effectively. And one found that he had less to tell than one had expected, that he had seen less than one had imagined, that he had had no occasion of being such a hero as one had dreamt, and all this in an illogical, silly, human way made him dearer and closer and more lovable.

On the second evening one goes to the theatre, or preferably to the music-hall, where one can arrive late and leave early. He laughs at the jokes, and she laughs with him. He drops the opera-glasses, squashes her chocolates, and sits on her bag in quite his old vein, and she feels very happy. He holds her hand under her muff in an obvious and delightful way, and finds that the dust of London velvety stalls is quite a delectable incense. She throbs at the music—to-morrow begins in an hour or so: when to-morrow is

over—her hand closes on two of his fingers desperately. It seems that somewhere some people are fooling about on a stage—it has nothing to do with them! It seems that somewhere, very far, there is a big incomprehensible thing like a black sea of molten iron: it's called War, they have heard about it—it has nothing to do with them! Just now there is nothing but he and she and the big fire of their joy leaping and smouldering and leaping up again with its, in turn, tall and short shadow—the fear of to-morrow. In front of them another figure in khaki with a woman by his side, and here is another such couple, and there, and again there. The women exchange glances, and each

thinks "I wonder—do they care as much as we do?" and "How much better-looking we are!" And out in the sudden draught, and the short wet kiss of the London night. Then supper *en tête-à-tête*; more music; she can't eat, and he is very gentle; they do not quite trust the pitch of their voice—to-morrow is gripping them by the throat.

And the third day is here, far nobler, far better, far happier than either the preparation or the realisation—it is renunciation. It is a great day, as some serene autumn day when any sacrifice is sweet. She thinks "Why did I fear?" She feels him nearer now that he is almost gone. She is sure, she is at peace. She looks less aggressively brave than last evening: there is no need, the sacrifice is over—she has given him up, and never has she felt that he was hers so much. He does not quite understand; he worries about her—she is so quiet, and smiles so often. He'd rather she had a good cry. He feels infinitely tender, and a great want to protect her is what he feels most. It's a new, bewildering feeling. He pleads, "You are going to be happy, won't you? You promise me you are going to be happy"—and he does not quite believe her when she truly answers, "I am happy!" And they spend that third day whirling in the muddy country

roads close to one another in the car, like two shivering but patient birds waiting for spring to come.

And on the platform of the train they talk of futile things. She says, "Have you got your bottle of iodine?" and he asks her not to forget to have his golf-clubs greased properly. Then the whistle. She looks up to the window and whispers "Whatever—" He bends down and murmurs "Whenever—" Then together, as the train trepidates forward, "ever! . . ."



BORN WITH THE GOLDEN SPOON: THE CHILDREN OF THE MILLIONAIRESS DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Viscount Mandeville, Lord Edward Montagu, and the Ladies Mary and Ellen Montagu, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, are among the lucky ones who are born with golden spoons set with diamonds in their mouths, for, in course of time, these young people are destined to inherit the millions which their grandfather, the Late Eugene Zimmerman, the Cincinnati multi-millionaire, made in oil, coal, and railways, and has left to his daughter, the Duchess of Manchester, to be divided among her children at her death. Mr. Zimmerman, it is said, was not at first wholly pleased with the match made by his daughter, and Miss Helena Zimmerman was married to the Duke, very quietly, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, her aunt being the only representative of her family present. But later, as his will in itself proves, Mr. Zimmerman became reconciled to the match. The Duchess is a good sportswoman, and only thirty-five.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR: THE SOLDIER'S REST.



PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED BRITISH GENERAL.

Our photograph shows a celebrated British General enjoying a few moments' rest within sound of the guns. He sleeps, needless to say, with one eye open!

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON'S unexpected entry into the Slingsby case had some backing of sound sense. He has dealt largely in likenesses; and in the matter of the ear was particularly at home. Only a sculptor troubles very much about the look of such things; a painter despatches that portion of his task in as few strokes as may be, and nine times out of ten gives his sitters no more than one ear per head. With the sculptor, for whom there is no such thing as only a profile, or only a full-face, it is different. He goes all round his model, and must make a full inventory of features, even when they present themselves in duplicate.

Ear-Marks. When Sir George was commissioned to put Queen Mary into marble, her Majesty offered him a pile of photographs for his assistance, and he took them. But in the vast majority of cases he does actually make circles round his models, and measure them off with something of a scientist's exactitude. Who shall count the ears he has immortalised? Ever since he copied the plaster cast of one in the Academy schools over thirty years ago, he has thumbed his clay into the semblance of that most intricate inch or so of the human anatomy. The Slingsby baby gets a verdict which, despite Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane's remarks before giving judgment, will probably be remembered as having had something to do with the popular R.A.

A Noticeable Man. It is on the strength of a likeness, by the way, that Sir George himself is identified as the one and only original of the Sir Angelo Frampton of Mr. Morrow's recent *Punch* drawing. Even before the publicity of *Punch* and the Law Courts, Sir George was difficult to lose sight of. He possesses the distinctive physique (and hats) of a distinctive personality; and now, when he gets on his No. 8 at the top of Bond Street after drilling in the quad of Burlington House, he can hardly hope to go unrecognised. The chances are that at least one St. John's Wood passenger in every thirty will wonder, on Sir George's entry, if she has ears worth remarking.

The Art of Life. Sir George Frampton has the active eye of an observer. A biggish man, clean-shaven, and with wise-looking glasses, he might well pass for a master-detective—a new type of a Sherlock Holmes with a *penchant* for problems in pedigree. The active eye means, in his case, an active interest in men and things. He is a sculptor by profession, a man of affairs in his spare moments. His friends among

artists are numerous; still more numerous are his friends among outsiders. Often he dines out for art, and always forgets he is anything but a layman directly he succeeds in diverting the conversation from Phidias or the Albert Memorial to questions of general moment. He is an eager politician, a useful man on any committee, and has opinions that count on every subject of the day. When he goes abroad in the company of fellow-craftsmen, or when he explores the endless treasures of South Kensington, he is, first of all, intent on the discovery of the things that take away the breath with their beauty—he is an

enthusiast for whom some little piece of gorgeous stonework, or fantastic figure in wood, hidden away in an untoured town of France, or overlooked in an obscure Tuscan church, is as satisfying as food and drink. Men, women, chianti, the movement of the streets, these he regards not at all while the other interest holds him; but put him at a restaurant-table outside the cathedral of Milan, and he will show an almost child-like genius for the art of life.

Heavy Stones and Children
the Light Heart. have him
in thrall;

he is the Barrie of the chisel. We are apt to think of him, officially, as the creator of endless monuments to the memory of Queen Victoria—of the monuments of her Majesty in Calcutta, Winnipeg, Southport, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other cities faithful to the Victorian tradition; we think of him, too, as the sculptor of the whole of the exterior of Lloyd's Register in the City, and of important buildings. But neither memorials nor modern architecture crush his spirit: he lets his fancy play even when civic corporations are to be his critics; and his designs for a city hall are as original and unexpected as those he makes for an enamelled chain for Lady Frampton.

A New Garden
Deity.

He was, above all sculptors, the right man to put Sir James Barrie's inventions into stone; his "Peter Pan" connects him for ever with the

Kensington Gardens world of chirping sparrows and shrill children. Those who have seen him turn the studios of St. John's Wood and Melbury Road into play-rooms for the benefit of the younger generation, and have seen his collar grow limp in the romp, think of him, not as the accessory after the fact to the decisions of High Court Judges, or as the memorialist-in-chief to the Victorian age, but as the youngest and kindest master-craftsman of his time. His popularity is as wide as it is well-earned.



SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

Sir George Frampton has been an Academician for the past thirteen years, and held office as President of the Royal Society of British Sculptors in 1911-12. He was knighted in 1908 and holds the high degree of LL.D. Sir George has been the recipient of medals of honour from France, Belgium, Spain, America, and Germany. Memorials or statues from his studio are to be seen in many of our principal cities, and in India and Canada. He designed the lions at the new extension entrance to the British Museum, and the portrait-busts of King George and Queen Mary for the Guildhall.—[Photograph by Hoppe.]

HER FIRST LONDON PHOTOGRAPH: A NEW-COMER.



WIFE OF THE NEW CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES: MME. SZE.

We have pleasure in giving the first portrait taken in London of Mme. Sze, wife of his Excellency Saoke Alfred Sze, the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Peking to the Court of St. James. Mme. Sze and her husband

were somewhat delayed in arriving in the country, owing to the risks incurred by the activity of the notorious German commerce-raider the "Emden," since put out of action.—[Photograph by Russell.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

ADMIRAL STURDEE'S appearance at Buckingham Palace and the Admiralty led most people to think that the full story of the Pacific engagement was on its way. Having told his tale to his Majesty and their Lordships, there remained no reason why its publication should be delayed. The sequel in the Admiral's cabin, where he, his Captains, and his captives reconstructed the whole business with matches on the dining-table, ensures an extraordinarily complete narrative. To this official account must be added the amazing evidence of letters from various sailors. And none of these are more vivid than Mr. Mid-hipman Esmonde's.

The Esmonde Letters.

Mr. Esmonde, who is aged fifteen—one year younger, that is, than he has been reported by a contemporary—writes to his father, Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., and writes so well that it is clear he might have made the fortune of some newspaper as a war-correspondent if he had not already been a sailor. Particularly interesting is his story of the *Kent's* chase of the *Nürnberg*: "The old *Kent* set off, and they worked up to twenty-two knots, more than she had ever done on trials. Then the word was passed that there was hardly any coal left. 'Well,' said the Captain, 'have a go at the boats.' So they broke up all the boats, and smeared them with oil and put them in the furnaces. Then in went all the arm-chairs from the ward-rooms, and then the chests from the officers' cabins. Next they burnt the ladders and all. And they caught the *Nürnberg*!" Sir Thomas Esmonde, who is a Nationalist, can claim nearly the longest unbroken

Parliamentary record of any man of his years in the House, but he prizes those letters as much as a whole run of Hansard!

A Name of Price.

In a recent action there was mentioned the case of a gentleman who assumed the name of "Dr. McFee," but nothing was said of his reasons for choosing that particular pseudonym. Did he borrow it for its pleasant ring of prosperity, or in homage to the distinguished medical gentleman who already owned it? The real doctor, as it happens, has not always found it wholly fortunate: on the tongues of nervous patients in the consulting-rooms it sometimes turns to McGuinea.

Queer Birds, Anyway.

Lord Buxton has been reminding the people of Bloemfontein that Germany is looking forward to ostrich-farming in South Africa before the close of the coming year. Ostriches are deceptive birds, however. During the

South African War an English officer, looking towards the sunset, mistook a distant row of them for kilted Highlanders. If the Germans are really as optimistic as Lord Buxton suggests about farming in the Union, they will probably be making mistakes the other way about.



A SICILIAN MILITARY MARRIAGE: MAJOR AND MRS. COCCO.

Major Raffaele Cocco dei Marchesi Pedicini, 22nd Field Artillery, Palermo, was married on Jan. 21, at the Municipality, and at the English Church of the Holy Cross, to Miss Audrey Whitaker, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Whitaker, of Palermo. Mrs. Cocco is a lady of many accomplishments, including 'cello-playing, and is very popular in Palermo.

The New Diana.

Lady Diana Manners used to be the Botticelli of the Bath Club. Now she turns up there in nurse's dress, and with the preoccupations of a real worker. Incidentally, she is convincing many doubters that a uniform can be extremely becoming. It has always been a convention to say that nurses are fortunate in their costume, but conventional compliments are not necessarily the heartiest; and Lady Diana, who has a lively prejudice against severity in the matter of ribbons, probably does not believe them in her own case. How can the Bath Club establish its sincerity when it contends that the Red Cross is the ornament of ornaments?

The Night of Stars.

The event of last week was undoubtedly the presence of the King and Queen at the performance of "The School for Scandal" at Covent Garden. For half, or more than half, the audience the cast counted for much less than it was supposed to do; and it was eminently an occasion on which the play was *not* the thing. The crowd of "stars" was inevitable: everybody wanted to do his share, and nobody could be refused, but that did not mean an ideal performance. It meant, rather, a performance punctuated by a great deal of unnecessary applause and pauses.

The Two Impressions.

The thing that mattered was the Royal Box. When, before the piece started, the King stood at attention during the singing of the National Anthem, every intelligent actor-manager (and who knows how many were in the house?) must have realised that the play and players were secondary considerations. At the end of it all one came away with a vague impression of having seen a costume-play, a great many familiar faces, and *Genée* dancing—with, also, an impression by no means vague that one had taken part in a great patriotic demonstration. Success was never in doubt, and never better deserved, for "the profession" is always ready to help "every good cause of national charity," as the King gracefully acknowledged in sending generous cheques from the Queen and from himself.



ENGAGED: MISS FLORENCE CLARE MITCHELL AND CAPTAIN DOUGLAS BEECH.

Miss Florence C. Mitchell, whose engagement to Captain Douglas Beech, of the 20th Hussars, is announced, is the only daughter of Major Wilmot Mitchell, late 14th Hussars, and Mrs. Wilmot Mitchell, of Ballymore, Grange Con, Co. Wicklow. Captain Beech is the younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Beech, of Brandon Hall, Warwickshire, and The Shawe, Cheadle, Staffordshire.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO A ROYAL EQUERRY: LADY MARY PARKER.

Lady Mary Theresa Parker, whose engagement to the Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn is announced, is the only sister of the Earl of Morley. The Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn is a brother of the second Baron St. Levan. He is an old Etonian and Cambridge man, and a Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He is Equerry to H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog, and a Commander of the Order of the Oaken Crown of Luxembourg.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

WOUNDED !



THE MAN WHO CUT HIS FINGER WITH THE BREAD-KNIFE: What on earth are those people staring for?

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.



SMALL TALK



AN INTERESTING MILITARY MARRIAGE: MAJOR A. G. BATHURST.

Major A. G. Bathurst, whose marriage to Miss Norah Irene Stansfield was arranged to take place at Bournemouth on Feb. 9, is the son of the late Major-General H. Bathurst, of Dolgelly, and has been closely identified with the formation of various voluntary corps for the new armies.

Photograph by Central Press.

and generally advocates the circumspect rule of life (on worldly grounds) that the present Lord Halifax practises for spiritual reasons.

Flighty!

Lord Halifax, by the way, is still, despite distractions, deeply concerned with Reunion. The main distraction, of course, is the tragedy of the war, combined with a lively interest in some phases of its prosecution.



THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES: HIS EXCELLENCY SAOKE ALFRED SZE, THE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FOR CHINA TO THE COURT OF KING GEORGE V.

Photograph by Russell.

THE engagement of Lord Halifax's niece, Miss Mary Meynell, will send her into a very interesting backwater of history and literature—the Restoration Marquess of Halifax's "Advice to a Daughter." It is full of wise, or worldly-wise, maxims on the conduct of a young wife; it tells her what to do in cloudy weather; of how she must look upon her servants "as humble friends, to whom kindness and good usage are as much due as their service is due to us when we require it"; of how Her Emptiness, the idle woman, spoils her chances; it tells her she must have as strict a guard upon herself amongst her children as she has among her enemies;

finds remedies." Fortunately, we have many sailors to-day to whom the same record would apply—minus the incident of the court-martial.

From Washington. Miss Nona McAdoo, who comes from Washington to help among the wounded in France, has, officially, "nothing to say." As a daughter of a Secretary of State, and a close associate of the President's family, she is a little rigid when questions arise as to the personal feelings that underlie the "strict neutrality" of the White House, and must underlie "strict neutralities" the world over. But for herself,



AN INTERESTING MILITARY MARRIAGE: MISS NORAH IRENE STANSFIELD.

Miss Norah Irene Stansfield, whose marriage to Major A. G. Bathurst was arranged to take place at Bournemouth on Feb. 9, is a daughter of the late Alfred Nicholas Stansfield, of Rustington, Sussex.

Photograph by Central Press.



A MILITARY WEDDING AT CHELSEA: MR. WILLIAM COLIN MACLEOD AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS GEORGINA ELIZABETH CATHERINE FITZROY).

Mr. William Colin Macleod, whose marriage to Miss Fitzroy took place at St. Luke's, Chelsea, is in the 1st Sportsman's Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, and is the only son of Captain Macleod, of Orbst, Skye. Miss Georgina Elizabeth Catherine Fitzroy is a grand-daughter of Cluny Macpherson. Our photograph shows the newly married pair and their guard-of-honour.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Aviation, for instance, is a subject that has taken hold of him from the time of the first Flying Meet in England. It was then that a friend of the Churchman in the grand stand said, "You're so High already you surely cannot want to soar."

Lord Falmouth, whose eldest son "Old Dreadnought," is engaged to Miss Mary Meynell, is a soldier, but has many links with the sea besides his title. Admiral Boscawen—the "Old Dreadnought" of Hawke's and Anson's time—is an ancestor in whom he takes an editor's as well as a family interest, for he is the holder of many of the great sailor's important letters. "Old Dreadnought" reduced Louisbourg in 1758, and presided over the court-martial that shot Admiral Byng. Pitt said of him, "Other officers raise difficulties while Boscawen

should be given, especially in regard to America, by a woman of keen brain and sympathetic nature.

The coming of Miss McAdoo reminds us of a side of Mr. Wilson's character devoid of the coldness necessarily belonging to the President. His love of England is part of the family tradition; and she has by heart many little rhymes of his making that prove the geniality of his humour. Among them is a Limerick composed in reply to certain critics of his homely looks—

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others handsomer far;
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
'Tis the people in front that I jar.

Admittedly it is very American; but American humour is more understandable in London than, let us say, in Potsdam. Mr. Churchill, conceivably, might have written those lines; the Crown Prince, never!



AN INTERESTING BRIDEGROOM: MR. T. C. OWEN.

Mr. T. C. Owen, whose marriage to Mlle. Nodot, daughter of Commandant Nodot, was fixed for Feb. 8, was recently in France in connection with a gift of motor-ambulances to the French Army. Mr. Owen was in the Army Motor Reserve of Officers.

WILLY — NILLY.



GERMAN OFFICIAL: "OUR PROGRESS IS MAINTAINED."

DRAWN BY ALFRED LICHT.



GREAT WHITE BIRDS.

By EDWARD CECIL.

AS everyone knows, there are days when one wakes in the morning to find the vault of heaven swept clean. Nowhere is there to be seen a single speck of cloud. From horizon to zenith the sky is an unbroken field of blue, vast and superbly empty of everything—except sunlight.

The full glory of such a morning is best realised in a flat country. No mountain or hill there breaks the view. North, south, east, and west, no cloud or speck of cloud is to be seen. The immensity of the clean-swept sky, blue and absolutely cloudless, covers one's thoughts with Peace. There is nothing between Earth and Heaven—except Space.

On just such a morning, General Favart, one of the most experienced and courageous of French Generals, came without warning upon his Sedan. In the first bright sunlight of a perfect summer day, his army of ten thousand men was crippled, decimated, and, as a fighting force, destroyed, out of an absolutely cloudless sky.

It is curious to speak of an army being trapped in a perfectly open country. But in the case of General Favart's army it was the very openness of the country which constituted the trap.

Amongst mountains, in a valley or defile, and in woods certainly, there would have been hope of escape, or of some measure of escape. But in that open stretch due north of Lunéville there was none. The murderous attack upon those ten thousand men was beautifully timed by the enemy. It received the success it merited.

General Favart was marching his men swiftly in a bee-line due north-east. Round Metz—that old bone of contention—in those early days of the great European war, a momentous conflict was in progress. General Favart's hope was to arrive in time to turn the balance of that conflict and begin that for which France had been waiting nearly fifty years—the *revanche*. Therefore he hastened, regardless of danger, in a direct line—his chief concern, speed.

Knowing their business, how well those men of his marched! They had bivouacked with the darkness, they were moving with the first grey light of dawn. As their time of rest had been of the shortest, so of the very briefest duration was the pause for the morning meal. Rations were distributed speedily and eaten hastily, and before the new-born day had really shed the mists of dawn those men, all unconscious of their coming fate, were on the march.

Gradually the sun rose higher, and as the blood, sluggish from the chill of the night, grew warm with exercise, the spirits of those French soldiers rose also. Some of them sang aloud as they marched along. Whole battalions hummed the "Marseillaise" as one man, and the fire of that great war hymn made the marching quick. Had there been laggards they would have been carried along with the rest. But there were none. The fresh morning air was like wine. The sunlight, the blue sky, the larks soaring and soaring up to the sun, made the heart glad. Men laughed at nothing, horses were held in restraint with difficulty, grown men felt like boys, and everywhere there was the humming or the singing aloud or the whistling of the Song of France—the "Marseillaise."

Right in the front of the army marched Jules Berthier, a unit in the mass—one of ten thousand, nothing more.

He had a strong, clearly cut face, tanned by open air—the face of a healthy man. Amongst the faces of the men

marching in the line in which he marched, his stood out by reason of its expression of kindliness. It seemed natural for his eyes and lips to smile. He heard the Song of France which mingled in the morning air with the singing of the larks. But he did not join in it. He was by inclination a silent man. He listened. To him it was a hymn of the glory not of war, but the soil, the mountains and plains of France—and, in particular, of the woods of his beloved native valley in the Vosges country. And partly, to him at any rate, that morning it was just a hymn of the joy of life.

And he was going to his baptism of fire!

Not that he was thinking about that. He was not. Anxiety to meet the enemy had no place at all in his thoughts. There was not a single grain of the lust to kill in his whole being. Neither was there the faintest shadow of fear of being killed himself, since, being young and strong and full of health, contentment with the present was as natural to him as attempts to prevision the events of the future are with many.

He marched on, looking only at the sky and the view ahead.

He was a simple-minded, clean-living fellow, who had gone through two years of barrack life innocent of its evil. It was impossible, if one looked him in the face, not to love him.

He marched on, thinking, foolishly enough under the circumstances, of the goodness of life and what awaited him in his valley in the Vosges when he got home from the War.

He only looked upon going to the War as obeying authority—and all his life he had obeyed without question his parents, his Church, and, for the last two years, the officers set in authority over him. Also he acknowledged that power in Nature, with which he had always been familiar in the woods of his remote valley and the solitudes of its mountains, which he always thought of as God.

"You are not listening to what I am saying, comrade," grumbled the man marching with him on his right hand.

"No. What were you saying?"

Jules Berthier, a woodcutter's son, and himself, till two years ago, a woodcutter—Jules, the innocent-minded, simple-hearted fellow, strong of limb, deep-lunged and long-sighted, looked down from the advantage of his six feet at the white-faced, undersized, wiry little town-bred conscript who addressed him as "comrade."

"I was proving to you," said the man who knew the back streets of Lille as intimately as Jules knew the woods surrounding his home, "that this war, like all wars, is for the benefit of the Capitalists, not for the good of poor devils like ourselves."

"Who are the Capitalists?" asked Jules.

The small white face of the townsman broke into a smile, the gratified smile of superior knowledge.

"But, comrade, surely you are thick-headed," he observed. "Capitalists are rich men who live on the labour of the poor."

"Why should they want this war?" Jules demanded.

"How can I tell? How can any of us tell? But if they did not want it they would have prevented it. You and I, comrade, are sent out to kill and be killed. That's our part. It's disgusting—but, what can you do?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Jules, who had been listening to the larks singing in the open

[Continued overleaf.]

"A FORTIFIED TOWN."



A. LITTLE MUDDLECOMBE, AS KNOWN TO ITS INHABITANTS.
 B. LITTLE MUDDLECOMBE, THE FORTIFIED TOWN.--ACCORDING TO GERMANY!

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.

sky, was out of his depth. He who loved animals and birds, and had lived close to the heart of Nature; and had never taken life when he could help doing so, understood, however, with a shock of enlightenment, that he was hurrying forward to certain business for which for two years he had been trained—which meant, in a nutshell, killing and being killed.

But his natural optimism reasserted itself quickly.

"We can't all be rich," he remarked.

The townsman, whose brain was crammed with catchwords of Socialism, laughed.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he exclaimed. "What a philosopher you are, despite your thick head."

"What's the sense of grumbling," said Jules, "on a morning like this? Look ahead. Do you see those birds flying towards us, high up—there, straight in front?"

"I see nothing," said the townsman, blinking. "The light is too strong."

"Look again. I don't know what birds they can be, and I know most birds."

Jules's clear, steady eyes were fixed on a point in the sky, right ahead and high up.

"I see no birds. There are none," said his companion obstinately.

"Don't I tell you I see them? I see the sunlight on them. They are great white birds, a flock of them, flying very high. And I think their wings are still!"

"I see nothing. There are no birds except the larks. You are having a joke—a countryman's joke against a townsman, eh?"

"I see them," said Jules seriously. "They are coming straight towards us—look!"

He pointed.

Suddenly the little white-faced conscript saw. He stopped abruptly, with an ejaculation. The man behind him was forced to stop also. Others also stopped, and an officer who was near turned upon them and swore.

"Don't swear, my Captain," shouted the Lille conscript. "Look up into the sky and tell us what you see. Great white birds, my comrade calls them. It's a good joke to call aeroplanes great white birds!"

And he laughed.

The officer ignored the insolence, gazed, and also saw.

At that moment came the sudden order to halt.

It was natural enough, that order, but quite ridiculous. The trapped army might equally well have halted, marched on, turned, or broken into confusion to right and left and taken to its heels. Whatever it did, it was trapped! It was out in the open, without possibility of sheltering.

It stopped. If some of the men in the German aeroplanes were using glasses, they must have smiled as they saw the upturned faces of General Favart's men as they stood there—waiting.

A frightful stillness came upon that waiting army, broken only by officers shouting useless orders, some of which were obeyed, but most of which were ignored. And in the stillness everyone could hear the singing of the larks, and now—also from the blue, unclouded sky—the distant whirring of the motors of the rapidly approaching aeroplanes.

And as those German aeroplanes drew nearer and nearer the sunlight shone on the stretched canvas of their wings, and they looked, as Jules had said, like great white birds.

Keeping very high, the German aeroplanes came over General Favart's army. Manœuvring superbly, they extended in open order in one long line, long enough to take the whole front of the French advance. It was a masterly piece of air-work, beautiful in its perfect precision. There was time to admire the beauty of these graceful, white-winged engines of destruction, and to note how the sunlight glinted on the metal frames. Then the rain of bombs began. They were of an unusually small size. But they were dropped without stint, and they were filled with a high and deadly explosive. They fell thick and fast, and they exploded as they struck the ground.

The aeroplanes were flying at a high rate of speed. They travelled over the army, wheeled round, and returned. This

they did seven or eight times, till their supply of bombs was exhausted. It was like harrowing a field. In less than an hour they had done their work, and they sailed away whence they had come. . . .

Crippled, decimated, and, as a fighting force, destroyed, General Favart's army had suffered horribly. Each bomb exploding killed or maimed a score or more of men. No one knew when he would not be in one of those centres of suffering. Those who were not killed or wounded became the victims of a frightful fear. Men wept and cursed by turns. And the noise of the shrieking of the wounded was worse than the hideous punctuations in that appalling tumult—the explosions of the bombs as they fell with machine-like regularity.

Never has an army suffered as did that of General Favart. It was a new thing in the horrible cruelty of modern scientific warfare—an army trapped by aeroplanes in an open stretch of country. The victims of the tragic carnage were quite helpless. The number killed or wounded depended only on one thing—the number of bombs which the aeroplanes possessed.

Several officers lost their reason. They ran about shouting to their men to fire upon the aeroplanes, to lie flat on the ground, to spread and scatter, to seek shelter. They waved their swords in the air and cursed. And it was all utterly, hopelessly useless. The aeroplanes were much too high to hit. Possibly a few bullets, well-nigh spent, touched them. That was all.

And upon the scene, the whole of the time, in bitterest irony, the sun shone.

Jules Berthier escaped.

The first bombs fell fifty or sixty yards behind him, for the Germans, in their anxiety that nothing should be wasted, began their work just a few seconds too late. The front lines of the French army thus had a short respite.

Near to where Jules was standing there was a ditch between two meadows. Without much sense, but with a blind determination to be doing something, Jules and others rushed into this ditch and crouched down.

By a piece of sheer good luck, Jules found himself close to the entrance to a low archway under a cart-way connecting the two meadows which the ditch divided. That archway was shelter—room, perhaps, for a dozen men. Fifty or more saw this, and rushed to obvious safety. Before Jules knew what was happening, he was pushed forward into this haven from the storm of bombs. But not before something very horrible had happened.

Close behind him was the little white-faced man from Lille, mad with fear, and determined that, whoever else reached that place of safety, he at any rate should reach it.

He was actually fighting to gain it. Holding his rifle short, he was striking with the butt of it to right and left with all his strength. One comrade he felled, and another turned only to receive a crushing blow on the side of his face. Jules raised his arm, and the butt of the Socialist's rifle descended with a blow which broke the bone. Jules gave a cry of pain and anger. But the man at his side acted.

"Selfish little swine," he ejaculated. "Why can't he take his fair chance with the rest?"

And he deliberately took his bayonet and stabbed the man in the chest.

It must have found the heart, for the fingers round the stock of the murderous rifle relaxed, and the tense body of the cursing, white-faced little Socialist, whose love for his fellow-men did not stop his killing them to gain safety for himself, became suddenly limp, and he fell forward and was trampled down into the muddy water at the bottom of the ditch.

Jules was amongst those who trampled him down. He felt his body soft under his feet. He had just heard the man's scream of fear in the instant in which he had seen Death coming to him. He felt sick with the horror of that grim little incident, in which, as his broken arm bore witness, he had played a part.

The next moment the brickwork of the archway was close to his face. He bent down and was pushed forward, sprawling in the shallow water.

It was not too soon. The German aeroplanes were back again, and a bomb fell at the side of the ditch ten yards away and exploded.

Instantly the entrance to the archway was sealed with dead and dying men. Under it, however, Jules was safe.

THE END.

*Born 1820
—Still going
strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER: "What do they say?"

BLUEJACKET: "'In Splendid Condition—Still Going Strong.' Any reply?"

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Just say, 'Same with me!'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Strange Disappearance of Aunt Sarah.

I have just come across a witty but moving booklet which relates the exit of Aunt Sarah, a once important lady, living in Grosvenor Square, as a factor in social life. "Aunt Sarah and the War" is one of the best war-pamphlets I have seen, because an unerring finger is laid on what were once our weak spots, and there is a nice appreciation of what will follow this gigantic conflict. For Sarah—if I may venture to address her so familiarly—begins by believing that "the war will be over directly," and is chiefly perturbed because Henry, her invaluable second footman, insists on enlisting. Then, when her favourite nephew is fighting in the trenches, her niece has turned Red Cross nurse, and London streets—even Grosvenor Square—are full of soldiers, she begins to see that the second footman's defection was in the nature of heroism after all, and that for many years to come even Mayfair may be waited on by women-servants while the men are training to defend "this England." In short, Aunt Sarah has such a change of heart, achieves so wide an outlook, that she may be said to be quite transformed and hardly recognisable. She makes a pathetic figure, this last of the Victorian veterans—great ladies who laid down the law in their own class, and who upheld stoutly the desirability of women of the upper classes being frankly "silly." Certainly we have no room for Aunt Sarahs, now, in this portentous time, or in the great future. Let us wave her a farewell. She is as dead as the Dodo.

What To Do with the Belgian Workers.

This is not the first time that we English have welcomed floods of political refugees to our shores; indeed, history repeats itself, for the most considerable influx we ever had, not excepting the French Huguenots, were these same Flemish and Walloons who now make so pathetic and inarticulate an appearance to-day in our midst. They came in the time of the great Elizabeth, flying before a persecuting Power as hideous in its cruelty as Prussia shows itself to-day—namely, Spain. They were treated with great kindness, but at the same time with much common-sense, and were spread over England, where they formed industrial groups, and taught the backward islanders how to make Flemish lace, serges, cloths, hats, bombazine, and flowered silks. They were also great market-gardeners, then, as now, and wherever there were Flamands, you could count on fresh vegetables and pot-herbs. It seems a pity that our Belgian guests, without interfering with the industrial supply and demand—so complicated nowadays—could not find some paid work, or do intensive gardening on their own account, in the remote country villages where they are quartered all over England and Scotland. There is, to my mind, nothing more pathetic than the spectacle of these mute exiles, borne down with the profound ennui of idleness, standing about our village lanes

and streets. The British Tommy, I hear, employs his leisure in assiduously acquiring some rudimentary French; I do not fancy our sad and apathetic Flemish guests are even learning English.

Why Should They Read?

Before the dire happenings, the incessant tragedies, the thrilling drama, even the inevitable humours of the war over there, the professional makers of phrases and tellers of stories must needs be dumb. What can they write which is one half as touching or as inspiring as the simplest, slangiest letter from a private soldier at the front? We have no Tolstoy, to write an English "War and Peace," and it is doubtful if anyone now alive will be able to handle the stupendous subject in fiction. Neither do the soldiers out there feel in tune with novels, nor do they, for the most part, want to read at all, preferring to use their hands in some useful work, or else to play games and make "a cheerful noise." "We find it impossible to settle to read or write," says one over there. "I have a pocket-volume of Kipling with me which I have not yet opened. Life is too strenuous and exciting to contemplate imaginary scenes and situations. Everyday incidents far outweigh in interest anything that has been written in fiction." That is it. These young men of ours are making history; they have no time and no heart for make-believe stories, the love-affairs of supposititious characters, and the foolish "problems" we once thought of so much account.

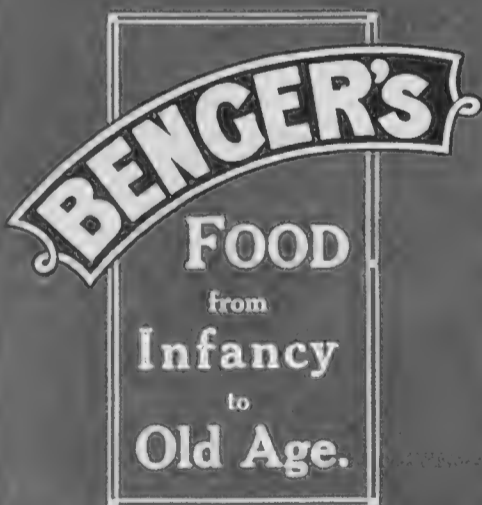
London and Berlin Both Gay But Grim.

Returning travellers tell us that Berlin is nearly normal; that there are crowds in the streets; that the theatres are full; the restaurants open and doing good business; and the people, like our own, intent on buying comforts and little presents for their troops at the front. So far, London and Berlin must present much the same appearance, only that the Germans, as they must bitterly remember, have two fronts, while we have only one which needs to be constantly replenished from England. There is plenty of evidence that the Berliners are keeping up a gay exterior, however much, like ourselves, they are grim below the surface. They are enabled to do this because their authorities tell them even less than we are told, and that with an "economy of the truth" which is almost laughable were it not a sinister sign of national decadence. London does not ask to be prevaricated with about reverses on sea or land; indeed, she vehemently resents it, and gossip is never so busy as when there is any suspicion of "hushing up" a reverse. This is an excellent sign of the grim national temper, and we are glad to perceive that the Enemy is feverishly afraid of the truth. Friends in Switzerland tell of Austrians who declare that the newspapers announce the arrival of the German armies at Havre, Dijon, and Lyons. We want no rubbish of that sort, and will continue to be cheerful as a mask to the most steadfast determination.



IN VELOURS AND SQUIRREL: AN ORIGINAL COSTUME.

This model has a full skirt of grey wool velours, the wide band of grey squirrel showing beneath it giving the impression of a fur under-skirt; while a narrow band of the same fur encircles the waist. The quaint little bolero-coat, collared with squirrel, has its edges and pockets bound with black braid. A small black velvet hat, with fancy wings in scarlet, gives the finishing-touch to this original costume.



With this food the digestive system, whether disordered by illness or over-work is rested and restored, and while this takes place, complete nourishment is maintained.

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2. Modifying the milk with which it is prepared, so that this cannot form heavy curd.

This self-digestion occupies 10, 15, or 20 minutes according to the extent desired. You stop it by simply boiling up.

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When prepared the Food has combined with the milk to form a delicious food cream, so soothing and comforting, as to have gained for Benger's the reputation of being "retained when all other foods are rejected."

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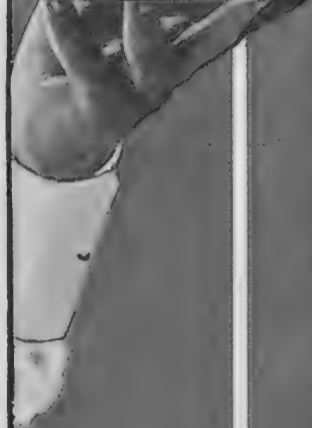
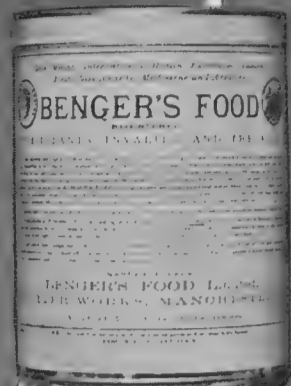
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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Week-Ending.

The old habit of week-ending is becoming established again, despite the war. It has an excuse now that it never had before, for people do need a rest and the refreshment of country air. If one has unexpected business with a lady who happens to be a well-known Countess, one finds her in a bare room surrounded by packages being addressed to various units at the front. She has been at work for four hours, and means to go on for two more, and then she has to see people at home on similar business. Or it is a very pretty and popular young Peeress one has to see, whose husband has just accepted an important appointment. She is up to the eyes in the business of sending out a Red Cross unit, and is only to be detached from estimates and equipment and accommodation for five minutes, during which she tells you that she has been working for a certain number of hours each day, and will be for the next fortnight, and she already looks tired. So it is all along the line. The people who used to find it difficult to fit in all their amusements are now finding out what real work is like. They earn their week-ends—but, alas! at present cannot whole-heartedly enjoy them. Their Majesties have not been deterred from going for theirs by German violent intentions. Once again one finds Monday a dull day in town.

A Patriotic Picture.

In these days every home shows its love of country and its pride in the men who are fighting. No method is more agreeable than by patriotic pictures. We all remember that painted by Fred Roe, R.I., which hung on the line in last year's Academy. At that time we did not know how much stronger was the appeal that it would make, for then we had no

thought of war. The picture is of an episode in the life of Nelson, when at a complimentary banquet the great naval hero was seated next to Benjamin West, for whose picture, "The Death of General Wolfe," he expressed great admiration, and asked why he painted no more such pictures. West replied that there were no more such subjects, but that he feared Nelson's intrepidity would some day furnish him with an opportunity that he would not lose. "Then," Nelson is reported to have said, "I hope I shall die in the next action." The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have at very great expense decided to issue a facsimile reproduction of the picture, entitled "The Toast is Britain," mounted on the best plate paper, entirely free from advertisement matter. It will be sent free, securely packed, to users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap who send twenty-four outside wrappers from four-penny tablets of soap, together with sixpence to cover inland postage, foreign postage extra. Address "Britain," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, E.C.

New Clothes.

Once again women are taking an interest in new clothes. The bolt from the blue in the declaration of war fell upon us at the end of the season, and so absorbed us that we went on wearing what clothes we had, and bought very little new. Only now and again, when a husband or a fiancé or a son was coming home, his womankind bethought them that they must go and get some decent things, that they might not be thought shabby. Now we feel better about things, and men from the front are coming back often, and so we are once again, womanlike, intent on making the best of ourselves. I hear of the loveliest fabrics woven in British looms, and of beautiful dresses being made up of absolutely British materials. Also, I hear that our French allies are quite busy designing new models, and that our buyers and American buyers will visit Paris as of yore in search of inspiration. We shall not copy Germany in anything, I hope—least of all in her hopeless feminine dowdiness. French, English, and American women know how to dress smartly, and their

menkind love to see them well turned out. To the ordinary German mind a woman is for household purposes, not for delight of the eyes; therefore German women, even of the upper classes, so often look like cooks and housekeepers with an admixture of jaunty housemaids and ladies'-maids. Like smart society women they rarely, if ever, look.

The Minuet Clothes.

While the great audience at Covent Garden

last week was held fascinated by the performance and the repetition performance of the minuet in "The School for Scandal," I was thinking what a chance for English brocades and satins and embroideries if these stately measures came in again. Possibly men will never again wear them—more's the pity—but they are delightful for women. The pretty feet, the pointing of the dainty toes, the delicious little affectations, and the play of fan and handkerchief were full of fascination; and of all the dancers the palm was to Adeline Genée—such a charming, dainty figure, such a delicate grace; and then, when she came to the front and curtsied, how delightfully she did it! Modern women cannot all be Adeline Genées, nor yet trained actresses, but stately square dances would do us all a world of good, and would be an excellent antidote to the poison of ungraceful and unmeaning dancing which had gained dominion over us before war broke out. Also it would be a great advantage to our clothes and to our way of wearing them.

A concert will be held at the United Berkeley Club, 247, Knightsbridge, on Feb. 14, at 9 p.m., in aid of the Grand Duke Michael's Fund for gloves and mittens for the troops. The following artists are giving their services: Wladimir Rosini (tenor, Grand Opera, Petrograd), M. Bonnel (bass, of the Russian Opera), Powell Williams, and Maria Vernon. The concert will be under the direct patronage of the Grand Duke Michael. Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d., are obtainable from Mrs. Oakes and Mrs. Skeddon, 247, Knightsbridge.

Of the two men of the week in the Lords, Lord Parmoor and Lord Galway, the first is a newcomer, and the second more generally remembered as the "Stormy Petrel" of a long career in the Commons. True to his reputation, he appeared at a moment of stress, and made the windows rattle with his vehemence. Lord Parmoor's speech was interesting because it backed the most purely democratic Bill introduced in the Upper Chamber for many years past.



IN COMMAND OF THE OPTIMISTS' CORPS : MAJOR-GEN. D. C. F. MACINTYRE, C.B.

Major-General Donald Charles Frederic Macintyre, C.B., who has taken over the command of the Optimists' National Corps, is an Indian Staff Corps officer of considerable war experience. He has seen active service in Afghanistan, in Manipur, on the Indian North-West Frontier, in Tirah, and with the Abor Expedition, the latest of our "little wars" in the East.

MOUTH ORGANS FOR THE TRENCHES

SHIPPED BY HARRODS LTD

FOR THE TROOPS AT THE FRONT
C/O WAR OFFICE WHITEHALL

FOR THE TROOPS AT THE FRONT
C/O WAR OFFICE WHITEHALL

THAT TOMMY MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE A CHEERFUL NOISE: SIR FRANCIS TRIPPEL'S GIFT OF A THOUSAND MOUTH-ORGANS TO THE SOLDIERS.

The appeal for mouth-organs for our men at the front has been generously responded to—as far as such instruments are at present procurable in this country. "Eye-Witness" first suggested that the soldiers would welcome a gift of mouth-organs, it will be remembered. We see here a trolley-load of cases, starting for France, which have been shipped through Harrod's. The cases contain a thousand mouth-organs, the consignment being presented by Sir Francis Trippel.

Feminine Moustaches—How to Permanently Remove.

To those interested, the above headline will no doubt be a reminder of many shillings—sometimes pounds—thrown away on various depilatories, all claiming to have the power of destroying the roots of superfluous hair. In the majority of cases, chemical depilatories leave behind them a stronger and more vigorous growth of hair, to say nothing of a skin coarsened or thickened by their continued use. To probe further into the subject, it would be as well to explain that chemical depilatories merely burn off the hair at the point of contact with the skin, and consequently the growth immediately becomes apparent, because the hair never ceases growing while the root remains. The more one burns it off, the stronger it becomes. Now, then, it is quite obvious that in order to check the growth, the root must be removed at once. This removal may be accomplished at home in a few moments, in a very simple manner. Get about 12 grammes of phelactine from your chemist and melt it in the flame of a candle until quite soft, then apply to the offending hair, which, in a few moments, may be removed, with the roots attached. No possible injury can be done to the skin, as phelactine contains no chemicals whatever.



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Against Chaps and all Irritations of the Epidermis.
Prevents Wrinkles.
Absolutely Unrivalled.

Does not Produce Hair.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

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Make Yourself Attractive—



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NO MAN need be weak, run down, or despondent!
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This amazing little machine—which costs only a Guinea—can be used in the privacy of your home. You merely press it on any tap, and it is ready for use.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO RUN.

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DREADNOUGHT—I dread no measles—I dread no rash—I dread nought—because Nurse gives me a bath each night with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

Protects from Infection.

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DEARER CHEESE.

LARGE SUPPLIES FOR TROOPS.

REMARKABLE FOOD VALUE.

In an important article which appeared recently dealing with the increased price of cheese owing to a shortage and greater demand, the "Daily Telegraph" says:—"To the many commodities for which the housekeeper is called upon to pay more must now be added cheese. In the wholesale trade the fact has been recognised for some weeks past, and the large dealers have been warning their customers that prices are rising, while the supplies of some of the favourite brands of Colonial cheese in this country are nearly at an end."

SOLDIERS' FOOD.

The heavy demand for cheese for the troops has in great measure contributed to this state of affairs. The "Telegraph" points out that "cheese is not only a very popular item of diet with almost all men engaged in any sort of hard work, but it constitutes an addition to the rations easily carried and ready for consumption at any moment, under any circumstances. Its sustaining qualities, too, have had frequent medical recommendation."

FOOD VALUE.

The remarkable nourishing and sustaining qualities of cheese are everywhere acknowledged.

No stronger proof of its value could be established than the fact that our Army—the best fed in the field—is supplied with such enormous quantities.

One pound of cheese contains as much nutriment as three pounds of lean beef, and cheese is far superior in nourishing qualities to fish and eggs, which at one time were thought to head the list.

AN EXCEPTION.

As a result of the increase in the price of other foods, the "Telegraph" goes on to say that "the thrifty caterer for the family has fallen back on cheese to an extent much greater than usual. Bread-and-cheese has been the supper where in normal times fish or even something in the form of meat, as cold ham or bacon, might have appeared."

Notwithstanding the increased price of other cheese, the thrifty housewife can always purchase St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, the only kind that has not increased in price.

Supplies are plentiful and no shortage is anticipated.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is an excellent lunch or supper dish—it is delicious, soft, and of a delicate, creamy consistency, with the flavour of a mild, perfect Cheddar. It contains the same nourishing properties as other cheese, with the addition of qualities peculiar to itself.

Many people find ordinary cheese indigestible. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese can be eaten by all, as by a special process in making it is rendered perfectly digestible. Further, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese contains cultures which destroy harmful germs in the system deposited by other foods.

Therefore, to make it a regular item of one's daily diet is not only to obtain nourishment and sustenance, but to maintain a healthy system.

No ordinary cheese can claim to do this. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is sold by Grocers and Dairymen at 6½d. a packet.



CANADA'S NEW OIL-FIELD: HOW TO ARRANGE TYRES: AN UNRECORDED SPY HUNT.

An Important Discovery.

Very welcome from every point of view is the news that an immense oil-field has been discovered in Northern Alberta, Canada. Rumours, it is true, have been flying about for some time past as to oil having been struck in this region, but hardly anyone can have dared to dream that they would be realised to the emphatic degree which has now been disclosed in the *Daily Chronicle*. It appears that a British geologist, Dr. T. O. Bosworth, spent practically the whole of 1914 in exploring the western and north-western part of the Dominion, and he now reports that a tar sand bed is certainly present over an area of 2000 square miles, and is probably even as great as 10,000. On the latter hypothesis, the amount of petroleum which it should yield would suffice to satisfy the world's demands, at the present rate, for 2000 years! The wells drilled up to now, in fact, have produced fourteen gallons of petroleum to the ton, and five per cent. of this is motor-spirit. Quite apart from the fact that the new field is in British territory, the importance of the discovery can hardly be over-estimated, seeing that the petrol-supply, or lack of it, is daily growing of more and more importance as a factor in the social and commercial life of Europe. Everywhere, indeed, it is in such growing demand that even when the Canadian oil-field has in due course been put into working order, it will probably not affect in the remotest degree the business of the existing concerns, whether in the United States, Eastern Europe, or Asia.

The Best Position for Tyres.

Of the many problems which confront the car-owner, it may be doubted if any can provide so much food for discussion as that of the best method of arranging one's tyre equipment. At this time of year, of course, the question of skidding claims priority, and if that were the only point to be considered there is certainly nothing better than the system recommended by a well-known tyre company—namely, to fit one metal-studded tyre to a front wheel and another to a driving wheel on the opposite side, while the remaining alternate wheels should each have a cover of the grooved pattern. To the man who drives regularly on greasy pavements in town, or on country roads which are almost invariably slimy in winter owing to the nature of the material employed, it is to be feared that immunity from skidding must be his first consideration, and that the foregoing method must be adopted in defiance of all other considerations. Wherever side-slipping, however, is not so much of a bogey, there is everything to be said in favour of affixing the tyres in equal pairs—that is to say, with both driving wheels alike and both front wheels

alike, whatever type of tyre may be employed. In the first place, the alternating method above described disturbs to some extent the free steering of the car, inasmuch as the studded tyres obtain a firmer grip on the roadway than those of rubber alone. Then, again, there is the question of equality of wear as affecting the car-owner's tyre bills. The difference as regards the front pair may be more or less negligible, but when the pair on the driving wheels are not exactly alike one tyre is bound to wear out more quickly than the other. I proved this several years ago, when, for once in a way, I fitted a rubber-treaded tyre, itself of a very durable type, as companion to a studded tyre on the opposite driving wheel. The new tyre did not give half so good results as should have been the case, and I came to the conclusion that this was due to the inequality of grip.



FITTED WITH A "ROPE-DEFEATER": A FRENCH MILITARY MOTOR-CAR.

The device fitted to the car is made necessary by the enemy's unpleasant habit of stretching ropes across roads, so that those travelling [by night must strike them, save by a miracle of good luck. On hitting the "arm" shown, the rope is broken or, at least, is carried over the heads of those in the car.—[Photograph by Topical.]

high road by armed sentries and rigorously examined. The cause of all this activity was the belief that German spies, dressed as military officers, were endeavouring to reach the coast with wireless telegraphy apparatus in their possession. The net, however, was

An Exciting Spy Hunt.

Although little or nothing appeared about it in the daily Press, the whole of the south-west of England was in a state of mingled darkness and excitement the other evening. No motor-cars were allowed to show head-lights, nor even to leave certain towns at all. Every car, moreover, was liable to be stopped at certain points on the coast and rigorously examined. The cause of all this activity was the belief that German spies, dressed as military officers, were endeavouring to reach the coast with wireless telegraphy apparatus in their possession. The net, however, was not spread in vain, for one spy was caught at Aldershot, and another at Hindhead. From all of this it appears that the fear of Zeppelins is not the only thing that is likely at any time to cause a temporary restriction upon the use of head-lamps. Where the cause is special, as in the case above described, it is to be hoped that the military authorities will not make the period of suspension any more protracted than is absolutely necessary, for the dangers of driving on country roads with imperfect lights are enormous.



WHERE THE CAR HAS TO BE AMPHIBIOUS! BELGIAN OFFICERS PASSING THROUGH THE INUNDATED AREA IN BELGIUM.

Photograph by Topical.

The Purity of Shell Spirit.

The Shell Company have reproduced in pamphlet form an article with illustrations which appeared recently in the *Car*. It describes in an interesting way the manifold operations concerning the distribution of the well-known red cans of motor spirit which emanate from the firm's depot at Fulham, and serves to show not only the care which is employed to give full measure in each can, but also to ensure the absolute purity of the spirit itself. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that all defective tins are promptly smashed up by means of a steam-hammer!

Miss Gladys Cooper Explains Some Beauty Secrets.

The Popular London Star Favours Simple Methods.

I have been asked to give a few simple recipes that I know, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet, and which are within the reach of the average woman. In these days of £100 facial treatments and elaborate and expensive beautifying processes, my suggestions may read like lessons in economy, but they are not especially so intended. They are merely practical suggestions, in which the keynote is "effectiveness." All the materials or ingredients which I mention are either already at hand in the home or may be readily procured from the chemist. Fortunately, I do not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated below, but some people who are not so fortunate have told me their experiences, and with your permission I will set forth some remedies which they have found to be efficacious.

Ice for the Face.

One of the best methods for preserving the firm contour of the face and keeping the skin clear and vigorous is to rub the face with a piece of ice for about five minutes every morning. Put a little cold cream on first and then apply the ice. This is done a good deal by American girls, who declare that it retards the advance of age lines more than anything else.

Grey Hair.

I have observed many attempts of many people to conceal grey hair. Some of these experiments were amusing, some disastrous, and some were successful. Personally, I believe I shall let my hair turn when the appointed time comes; but if I were going to try to evade it, I would give a trial to a real old "grandmother" formula that would probably do the work. This formula, I am informed, has been used with degrees of success for many generations, and consists merely of one ounce of concentrate of tannalite mixed with four ounces of bay rum. It is applied to the grey hair a few times with a small sponge, and ladies tell me it appears to darken the hair to a natural shade, not like a dye, but gradually and naturally.

Is Powder Necessary?

A great many women object to using powder, for various reasons. The following formula is a good one: Dissolve an ounce of clemite in four tablespoonfuls of water, or witch-hazel, and use it as a face lotion, smoothing the skin with the fingers until it is dry. This method is perfectly harmless. I am told that a really beautiful, natural, velvety bloom results and remains for many hours quite unaffected by the most trying conditions out of doors or in the ball-room or theatre, and that it gives a much more natural appearance to some skins than does ordinary powder.

Home-Made Hair Tonic.

My acquaintances say that a good stimulant to the natural growth of the hair is boranum. A very simple, effective and safe stimulating lotion is made up by mixing one ounce of boranum with 1 pint of bay rum. This may be applied to the hair roots occasionally with the finger tips with good results.

Complexion Renewals.

Complexion experts advise me that a normal, healthy complexion is constantly renewing itself by dropping off tiny flakes of worn-out tissue, thus revealing the fresh young skin underneath. They say that when this process is checked by age, exposure, or some of many causes the complexion becomes dull and ugly. The rational treatment recommended is to help the skin perform its natural functions of "shedding" worn-out tissue. For this purpose, I am informed, there is nothing so good as pure mercolized wax, used for a few nights, just as you would use a face cream. It is claimed that it possesses a special affinity for the effete scarf-skin, which it quickly removes by absorbing it. The face, I am assured, will soon look much younger and prettier under this treatment.

The Curling Iron

Don't use a hot iron to curl your hair. Some of my friends make the cunningest sort of curls wherever they want them simply by dampening the hair with liquid silmerine before retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning it will be softly curly just where you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is quite pleasant, and neither sticky nor greasy.

How to Shampoo

Most women, I am informed, do not know how to use stallax properly when shampooing with it. Unless the hair is naturally very oily, a stallax shampoo may sometimes leave it rather dry. But I am told if you will apply olive oil freely to your hair and scalp just before shampooing with stallax, the result is most delightful. The hair will be left clean, soft, bright, and wavy, the olive oil having properly balanced the action of this wonderful hair cleanser.



Photo. Wraith & Bay. MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Gladys Cooper

NOTE.—This interesting article on beauty culture in general was written by Miss Gladys Cooper, at the request of the manufacturers of Pileta Soap—the best complexion soap in the world. On sale at all chemists.



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NO MORE BEARDED WOMEN

How to kill and permanently dissolve out roots and all.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To the readers of "THE SKETCH"

At a recent medical conference held in Paris numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies, only affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

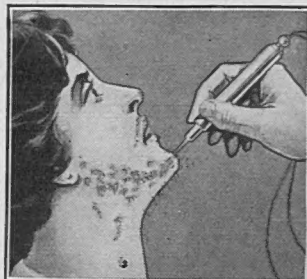
Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down

through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papillae may be dissolved out of existence so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Sketch* cares to send me her name and address, plainly written together with a penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed envelope full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

K. B. FIRMIN,
(Suite 1271, E.) 133, Oxford Street, London, W.



A reader kindly tells in 'this' article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, &c., had all failed.



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

A WELL-DIRECTED, well-timed bomb at Covent Garden during the actors' matinee for the Actors' Benevolent Fund would have rendered the stage almost star-less, for the boards at times were crowded with characters little and big, including even the "also rans," and you could not have thrown a stone without hitting a judge's salary. It is a commonplace that such performances, even when directed by a producer like Mr. Dion Boucicault, are a little hard on the play. To use the popular phrase, you cannot see the forest for the trees—this is said without disrespect to Sir Herbert, the excellent Sir Peter Teazle of the occasion. So really there is little to be written about the matter, except that it was a very wonderful affair, that the important players were as thick upon the stage as khaki in the Strand, and that the fund benefited to the extent of £2300.

During the first act of "A Busy Day" at the Apollo hopes were high. It was Mr. R. C. Carton at his best, and Mr. R. C. Carton's best is the best in the way of farce. Yet the old stager was mindful of the fact that "well begun is half done" does not apply to plays, for he has seen many a brilliant first act which has led to nothing in particular. Indeed, plays of substantial merit have, before now, been killed by the brilliance of a first act. So we laughed, and laughed heartily, at the wit of the dialogue and the quaint people to whom we were introduced; and roared at the end, when the middle-aged bachelor and widow eloped from their respective oppressors in a stolen motor-car. A somewhat different kind of laughter was heard during the second act, yet there was a good deal when Miss Compton and Mr. Charles Hawtrey were employed in doing "funniments" in the chandler's shop. The affair reminded me somewhat of Mr. G. P. Huntley's sketch, "A Burlington Arcadian," and the remembrance was not altogether in favour of the Apollo. The third act did a good deal to pull together the piece by its dexterous intriguing, a little dazzling at times, and whether the net result is to the good or not is still a matter of speculation. The first-night audience could hardly be described as enthusiastic. There was some very good acting throughout, firstly by Miss Compton and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who played themselves with their customary ability and success; Miss Mona Harrison delighted the house by a very clever little character-sketch; and much the same may be said of Mr. Fitzgerald, the waiter of the last act. Also much other excellent work was contributed by Miss Doris Lytton, Miss Hettie Cavendish, and Messrs. Alfred Drayton, Arthur Grenville, and Sydney Paxton.

"Are You a Mason?" is a very different kind of affair from "A Busy Day." The anonymous adaptation from an old German farce has not a tenth of the quality of Mr. Carton's piece, and there is no pretence at plausibility in it or in the acting: "Get laughter, legitimately if you can—anyhow, get laughter," is the motto acted upon at the Comedy. And a very good motto, from the box-office point of view. So the piece referred to by the papers as "the popular old farce" or "the famous old farce" got laughter, and a good deal of it, from large sections of the audience, which made a rather queer study for the observer, who could notice patches of people sitting glum and mum throughout, and others radiant with merriment. What a nice question—whether it is better to be able to be amused by such trifles or no, seeing that the amusement must be at the loss of the enjoyment of finer humours. A great deal of strenuous, able acting, but none of remarkable quality.

A NEW NOVEL.

"The Gentleman Adventurer."

By H. C. BAILEY
(Methuen.)

Mr. Bailey is out for piracy, nothing less, and therefore it needs not be too particular how he gets started, even though a very unconvincing piece of quixotry sets him off. Anyhow, Peter, a good-humoured and almost apathetic country squire, found himself, for reasons connected with the Court of William III., constrained to seek immediate passage in a ship sailing for the Plantations. The Captain, a quondam friend of his, accepted his company, and even agreed to transporting also the villain of the piece, whom Peter had carefully whipped and bound. But on arrival at the ship by Limehouse Stairs, both were hurriedly and most unexpectedly thrust through the hatch and away into a dark hole, where they were later informed of their fate. It was to be sold as slaves on the Plantations! A vigorous picture of slave-life at Port Royal follows; and against its lurid background a lithe, sinuous woman, all curves and yellow hair piled high, and draped with lace. She is lurid enough, too, to hold her own even against her background. She plays alternate devil, syren, and beast with the slaves at her mercy; and a gang, Peter among them, revolt and escape, Isabella accompanying them, bound, but already half-tamed by a male brute as terrible as herself. They take to the sea—and then Mr. Bailey is off really—gentlemen venturers who go down to the deep to see much besides the wonderful works of the Lord. An impressive villain comes aboard to them before they get far, and the story never falters from that moment. A very highly coloured piece of work, but a cheerful, with irresistible appeal to the boy who is, or yearns to be, a Sea Scout. "Those were days," he will sigh.

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